

if only love were that easy by AmorLorna93

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Summary:

If Richie had been told first thing this morning that by midnight he'd be brought back to the hometown he couldn't remember to fight a fucking demon clown they were supposed to have already defeated, be reunited with the friends he forgot and then subsequently end up in bed with one such friend that he had been in love since he was a kid, then he would have laughed in their face and told them to get a better writer.

But it was the sort of shit you just couldn't make up.

After learning Pennywise wasn't really defeated back in '89, the Losers Club come back to Derry to fight the clown once again.

Richie feels like this time will be it. IT will be donzo, over, dusted, but when it turns out that he got Eddie just to lose him, he can't say if it was worth it. What he does know though, is he'll get him back, and Stan, even if it kills him.

1. where it all began

Author's Note:

So here is my first fic on this platform, and my first reddie to boot! It's starting off nice (as nice as it can be with Pennywise looming) but I'm sorry it's gonna get angsty in the middle before everything's fixed and they live happily ever after. That's just the way I write. Please enjoy, read the tags and I will also include trigger warnings at the tops of certain chapters (I write DARK). Without further ado- enjoy, and please comment, I appreciate kind words and CONSTRUCTIVE criticism ^^

If Richie had been told first thing this morning that by midnight he'd be brought back to the hometown he couldn't remember to fight a fucking demon clown they were supposed to have already defeated, be reunited with the friends he forgot and then subsequently end up in bed with one such friend that he had been in love since he was a kid, then he would have laughed in their face and told them to get a better writer.

But it was the sort of shit you just couldn't make up.

When Richie had gotten that phone call and vomited from fear and anxiety, despite having no clue what it was he feared, he honestly had no idea what going back to Derry would have in store for him.

He certainly did not expect to be in bed with the guy he'd pined over for years, said guy sleeping on his chest in his arms.

You really could not make this shit up.

Richie rubbed at his eyes, still in disbelief over what had occurred mere hours ago.

~

When Richie got in his car and left for the airport earlier that day, he

couldn't have guessed what he was letting himself in for.

He couldn't remember a single fucking thing about Derry, other than the feeling of familiarity the name of the place gave him which would be followed closely by an all-consuming fear that had him breaking out in sweats and damn near hyperventilating.

As he neared Derry, however, that began to change.

He left the airport in a rental, a flashy one of course, and the closer he got to his destination, the memories started trickling through.

They were flashes at first, but then his ETA shrunk further and so did his memories become more intense than flashes.

He had to pull over a few times as this happened (he's lucky he didn't crash), and get through them.

Entering Derry and actually trying to drive through it was a fucking feat in itself, one after the other they bombarded his frontal lobe, all fighting for attention relentlessly.

He remembered the losers and how each one found their way into his life, he remembered the dreaded summer that brought Ben, Bev and Mike into their little gang of four and becoming the losers club. He remembered the clubhouse, and the weeks they got to share as a family of seven after defeating IT before Bev left.

He remembered becoming enamoured with Eddie as a kid and then falling headfirst for him as a teenager. He remembered his bantering with Eddie, the need to get a rise out of him constantly, but then he also remembered the quiet moments they shared, listening to music in either Richie or Eddie's room, on a bed, how they ended up being quite tactile with each other and Richie didn't know if he should take those moments as signals of reciprocation or just go with it, not overthink for once and just be in the moment. He always went for the latter, but the former would be the forefront of his dreams and fantasies. He remembered doing shit that put him in "danger" just to hear Eddie admonish him and look out for him, even getting all kinds of cuts and scrapes and Eddie physically looking after him, patching him back up.

When he was in Derry, he had to take a break from driving to get through this assault on his mind.

Having the memories that made up his formative years suddenly thrown into focus is actually quite a lot to take in and is extremely disorientating.

He eventually made it to the Chinese restaurant Mike told them to meet at though, by nightfall.

He saw Eddie, and those feelings came back full force. They locked eyes and smiled awkwardly, then Richie cracked a joke as was Trashmouth fashion, the tension was gone and they sat round their table.

It shocked him at how easy it was to be with everyone again, like a pause button had just been hit for the past 27 years and they were now picking up from where they left off nearly three decades ago.

But then Pennywise had to remind them of why they were brought back to together again.

He was back, they hadn't defeated him like they thought they had.

And they were going to be one short.

Stan killed himself.

Now that, *that* was the fucking cherry on the shitty cake that was life wasn't it?

It really threw them, they knew that Stan had had his own demons that he dealt with on the daily, but to kill himself? That was unexpected and shocking and just fucking *fucked*.

Richie wasn't entirely sure how to process that, considering just this morning he had no idea who he was, but then being in Derry through him back to the summer of '89 and they were kids again, and the closest a bunch of losers could be.

They were a family, and he had his memories back and it fucking stung in his heart.

Before that summer, it had been him and Bill, when they were tiny, then Stan and Eddie not long after. The four of them went back further than the losers.

He didn't expect to come to Derry and to be grieving damn near immediately.

They ended up at the townhouse they had all booked into, trying to process together what had happened, along with how Bev had known how Stan would die.

Richie was reeling, he didn't know how to fucking cope with this. None of this was fucking standard for what anyone had to go through and manage.

He had a drink and then he had to go to his room, although it actually killed him inside to be any distance from the other five right now. He had felt this sudden need, *urge*, within him to be as close to the losers as he could be. He shook his head at the thought of becoming dependent on those guys, when he knew full well that everyone would be going to back their lives when this was over. If they survived at all.

He was lying on his bed, fully clothed, on the top of the covers, contemplating the shit they were in and how they would even get out of the other side of it, when there was a knock on his door.

He was pretty sure he would have spiralled if that knock hadn't happened.

He dragged himself up and walked heavily to the door.

He opened it and came face to face with Eddie.

Well face to chest, because he was definitely a whole head taller than the man before him.

Boy had this man really grown into his looks over the years.

He looked like he would be well built under those clothes, something he couldn't help but try and visualise, he had dark stubble, the same dark eyes in a near permanent frown when they were on Richie,

although this time, he wasn't frowning in exasperation. His expression was soft and, possibly regretful? He had no idea why would look like that, but he was sure he was about to find out.

"Hey Eds,"

"Hey Richie, can I come in? And don't call me that," he says, and admonishes, although it sounds only half hearted.

Richie nods, and steps aside, "Come on in," he probably would have made a joke that Eddie was using him for a booty call, or something else along those lines, had he been in a different mood, and had Eddie not had the expression he was wearing right now. He just didn't think it would sit well right now. There would plenty more opportunities for shitty jokes, he hoped.

Eddie walks in, looks around and turns to face Richie, who had closed the door already and was waiting expectantly.

Eddie took a deep breath in, seeming to brace himself. "So, right, I'm just gonna cut straight to the chase," he stops there though.

Richie waits, Eddie goes to sit down on his bed, but then he stands again, and paces around the room instead, full of nervous energy that can't stay still.

Richie starts getting nervous himself, what the hell could he want to say that would get him so worked up?

"The suspense is killing me Eds, if you wanna bang just get it out already," he says, tone light, trying to ease the tension in the room. Huh, maybe he was in the mood for cracking stupid jokes after all.

It has the opposite effect however, and Eddie's face closes off, the air is suddenly cold, and he is not glaring in that way he used to.

His face reddens and he storms past Richie.

"Fuck you, I shouldn't have come here, you can't ever take anything fucking seriously," he nearly shouts to Richie as he tries to get to the door, but then Richie is latched onto the wrist closest to him, and he spins Eddie back to him easily.

“Fuck, Eds, I’m sorry, it was a joke, you seemed tense man, I’ll behave I promise, just stay and tell me what you wanted to say,” He all but pleads, his hand is on fire right now with Eddie’s skin touching his and he wishes he could touch him forever.

Eddie snatches his wrist back, because Richie lets him, and he storms back towards the middle of the room.

He sits on the end of the bed; Richie follows and sits next to him.

Eddie’s hands rub on his legs nervously, before he bites out, “Fuck it,” then he is grabbing Richie’s face in both of his hands and his lips are on his. Richie’s eyes widen before they close and he quickly settles into the kiss, his blood singing.

He kisses back, earning a shocked gasp from Eddie. Richie takes advantage of the slightly open mouth and coaxes in his tongue, sliding it along his lips, then teeth, before gliding into the mouth that willingly opens further to accept him. He can’t help but moan quietly at that.

One arm wraps around Eddie’s back, the other falling to grasp his hip, pulling his body closer while supporting him, holding him as close as could at the awkward angle.

Eddie’s hands go around Richie’s neck, before drifting up into his curls, holding him there. Richie lets out another moan at the feel of those fingers in his hair, the nails scratching ever so lightly against his scalp.

He’s earned a moan in return from the man in his arms, and he holds impossibly tighter, before easing back slightly, their kiss slowing to closed mouths, and then stopping. Richie pecks one more time before letting his forehead fall to touch Eddie’s.

The hand that was on his hip comes up to cup Eddie’s cheek.

They’re both breathing heavily from that, and they bask in each other for a moment as their breathing slows.

Richie breaks the silence first, “*Fuck,*” his voice barely above a whisper, breathless.

Eddie scoffs quietly, “Yeah,” he agrees.

“I can say I was honestly not expecting to get jumped, and I can see now how that joke was in bad taste, knowing your intentions,” Richie says lightly, berating himself internally for that.

Eddie pulls back so he can look Richie in the face, looking affronted, “Hey fuckwad, I did not come here to *jump* you, there was a whole fuck tonne of shit I was gonna say, I wasn’t even intending on *kissing* you, I was just gonna say how I felt because I don’t see the point holding it in this time, losing those 27 years was a real slap in the face you know,” he finishes, voice getting softer as he spoke.

Richie understood completely, “I know,” he agrees.

Eddie’s eyes meet his again, and there’s so much regret and longing and sadness there, and he wishes he could wipe it away.

He settles for rubbing the thumb that’s on his face gently across his cheek.

“So you decided to hell with it, I’ll just go all in?” He asks, still genuinely curious.

Eddie nods and shrugs, “Pretty much, yeah,”

Richie shakes his head, “I can’t fucking believe this is happening, I’ve loved you since we were kids,” he didn’t give a shit if it was too soon to drop the L word, he’d already lost 27 years, screw moving slow.

Eddie’s eyes shine slightly, “So have I,” and they’re kissing again.

They work their way up to the pillows, and crash there, kissing a bit more, hands roaming, touching, grasping, stroking any bit of skin they can.

They don’t go any further than shedding a few items of clothing, and would have both been shocked at their restraint had they both also not been so fucking *exhausted* from the evening’s events, not to mention all the travelling they had done and the recovering of memories as well.

So, that's how Richie came to be in bed with the love of his life laying across his chest, sleeping soundly, while he couldn't, his mind still reeling from the evening, still trying to process what had happened.

Eventually, his eyes drift closed, and he falls into a slumber. Eddie's breathing easing him into a calm he hadn't felt for years.

He lets himself be lulled for now because he could only guess at what fresh hell would be waiting for them tomorrow.

2. reunited and it feels so good

Richie woke up the next day feeling all encompassed in a warmth, and he couldn't help but roll further into it and grip it tighter to himself.

His nose was tickled by something and he felt whatever was in his arms squirm slightly, so his hands roamed over what he was holding and realised it felt smooth as honey, while it was firm.

He heard a sleepy moan.

He cracked open an eye, and was met with a face full of dark brown hair and then previous night's events replayed in his head.

He smiled to himself and snuggled into Eddie's warm body.

Eddie turned in his arms to face him, so Richie pecked him on the nose and Eddie scrunched it in response.

"M sleepin'..." he grumbled. Even in his sleep he had to tell Richie off, but he couldn't deny that he loved it.

Richie was beaming and he shuffled as close as was possible, tucking Eddie's head under his chin and holding him close to his chest.

He took a deep breath, burying his nose into Eddie's hair and breathing him in, he closed his eyes, content for a moment. Blissfully ignoring the reality of their situation and why they were even in this position.

Eddie pulled his head back to open his eyes and look up at Richie, all full of sleep and so impossibly *cute*.

"Morning cutie," Richie said, showing no restraint as always. He was still beaming.

Eddie blushed and tried to look affronted but then he gave in and settled for a huff.

"Morning, shithead," he responds, voice husky from sleep.

Richie just kept on grinning.

He kissed him on the forehead, “Love you too,” he mumbled against head.

Eddie hummed, “Hate you,” he grumbled, half-heartedly, in response.

Richie knew what he really meant, he always did. Eddie was like a second language to him, in his words and his actions. He had studied him from when they were like 5 until they graduated, so he *knew* him extremely well and he could already tell that the Eddie he knew hadn’t changed too much at his core over the past 27 years.

“We have to get up in a bit,” It was Richie’s turn to grumble. But they had a fucking demon clown to kill.

Eddie moaned forlornly, and he burrowed himself into Richie’s chest, “Why do you have to be an asshole and ruin everything?” he whined. Riche’s heart couldn’t help but soar. God, he loved this man.

He removed one hand, from around Eddie, to reach up and grasp his chin lightly, and tilt his head up to kiss him on the lips.

Eddie’s hands roamed up Richie’s bare chest, one hand remained there while the other went to the back of Richie’s head holding him there for a second before he pulled away slightly.

“We’re not going any further until we brush our teeth,” he whispered against his mouth. His dark eyes met Richie’s for a moment before he was detangling himself from Richie’s grip, and he didn’t make it easy.

“Oh my *god*, you’re like an octopus, get up and brush your teeth,” he demanded on his way to the bathroom.

Richie groaned into the pillow.

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Turns out they didn’t really have time to get up to much after brushing their teeth and after a brief make out session they got themselves dressed and headed out to meet everyone downstairs.

Eddie paused on the way, “Shit, I have to go get changed,” he said pointedly.

Richie smirked, “Uh oh, what would they think, you turning up in the clothes you wore yesterday?” he teases.

Eddie just rolls his eyes, “I’ll see you downstairs in a bit, dickhead,”

“You know, I actually think I’m warming to these pet names you come up with for me, I mean, who needs sweetheart and my love when you can be referred to as various forms of genitalia?” he jokes with a shrug.

Eddie can’t help but laugh and bring him in for a quick kiss, “Love you, fucker,” he murmurs against his lips before pulling away and walking back to his room.

Richie allows himself to watch him walk away for a bit, admiringly, before he turns in the opposite direction and makes his way downstairs.

Eddie doesn’t take long to get ready and everyone is already around the table when he arrives, and there happens to be a seat left next to Richie so he takes it. He is immediately greeted with a warm mug of coffee in his hands from Richie.

He looks up at him with a bemused smile at the kind gesture, “Thanks,” he says before taking a sip.

He elicits one of those rare, genuine smiles from Richie, the kind that makes his eyes crinkle and it’s blinding, “No problem,” he replies.

Eddie takes a sip.

“It’s damage control more than anything, we all know what you can get like in the mornings before your first coffee, and we already have one demon to deal with today, we don’t need another,” Of course he just had to.

Eddie chokes down his sip before looking at him all affronted, “Excuse me, shithead, but you’re not exactly one to talk, fuck you’d be so snappy and *awful*, thanks for ruining my first sip by the way,

dick,” he says, looking away, all huffy and red.

Richie just laughs, “Whatever, I think everyone remembers the great coffee gate of ‘92, don’t you guys?” He gets everyone’s attention, from looking all serious and like they were getting ready for a funeral, as he raises his voice slightly, “Remember when we crashed at mine and my parents had run out of coffee so Eddie freaked the fuck out?” And like that he gets them all laughing and regaling tales of their teenage hood they had shared together, helping them to focus on something other than their possibly impending doom. That’s what Richie did best.

They eventually work their way out of the kitchen/dining area and into the seating near the bar.

Richie falls into an armchair and Eddie sits on the arm of it, never drifting more than a few inches away from each other. They both knew what was to come, and they were both realistic, they knew a possible outcome of this final boss battle (as Richie liked to call it) could end up with one or both of them not actually coming out of it alive. Of course, they didn’t *like* to think like this, but when fucking demon clowns were thrown into the mix, you had to prepare for the worst.

So they weren’t going to be too far from each other until that happened, if they could help it, and Richie was glad for that. Eddie had always been his biggest comfort blanket, the one he could always rely on or lean on if he felt he needed it, and today was no different.

He suspected it was the same for Eddie, not to toot his own horn, but they had been as close as two platonic friends could be from the word go and they were five years old. They were inseparable.

He couldn’t help the hope rising in him that they both made it out of this alive.

He wasn’t sure what he’d do if they didn’t.

~

Turns out he didn’t have much time to consider the “what if’s” of

their situation before they were being informed by Mike that an ancient people had already gotten rid of this demon clown. And he was a fucking demon clown from *space*??? Bill confirmed it all, and while Mike had a calm strength to him, Bill had the charisma that made the gang want to listen to him, and so his confirmation meant it had to be so and certainly helped Mike's cause.

Richie was still trying to wrap his head around that when they were then being told that they all had "tokens" to find, but that's not the worst part.

They have to find them *alone*.

He had scrubbed his face in exasperation when Mike said that. He had been really hoping that Eddie and he wouldn't be separated during this ordeal for any significant amount of time, but now they were going to lose, what could be, a whole day, depending on how long it took to find their tokens.

They weren't going to see each other again until the final showdown.

As everyone got chatting with each other about the situation, Eddie lightly tugged on Richie's jacket sleeve and he followed him to a quiet corner of the room.

"Listen, we'll just get through today okay? I know, it's shit, we're losing a day together, but," Eddie paused and huffed out a breath, "We just have to get through today, and it'll be over," he said, trying to reassure Richie.

It only half worked, but he won't tell Eddie that.

He settled for pulling him into a bear hug instead, nothing unusual about that. He held him as tight as he could to himself, and he dipped his face to bury it in Eddie's hair, he breathed him in.

Fuck.

They better get out of this alive.

Notes for the Chapter:

Sorry for this filler chapter, of sorts, but that's how it flowed, and it didn't feel right having the next events tacked onto this. That end sentence felt natural and I've decided make you wait a couple more days before the action really begins. That's right, the next chapter will be THE FINAL SHOWDOWN, so buckle up buttercups! You know what's coming, but don't worry we can cry together.

Also, can anyone guess where I got my chapter title from? It's a funny little thing that came to me when trying to think of what would suit as a chapter title. Hint: it's from a popular comedy cop series...

3. braver than you think

Richie found his way to Neibolt several hours later. He got his token, a literal arcade token from the decrepit place that was now only a symbol of the many fun memories he had created there but also some that were tinged with his “secret” and reminded him of why he could have absolutely *not* come out back then.

Well, it’s not like he was exactly “out” now, even if he had told Eddie how he felt, but Pennywise knew that, all of it.

So, that meant he had new ammunition for putting the fear into Richie, and he used their confessions to do it.

If anything, Pennywise was *glowing* with happiness at the knowledge that Richie and Eddie confessed to each other because now it’ll just hurt more “when” one of them dies. They can have their taste for each other, just to be ripped apart.

It was safe to say that Richie was rattled. Pennywise had seemed so confident that Eddie would die, and if not Eddie then Richie would. Richie *had* to make sure that didn’t happen.

Despite his renewed conviction to keep himself and Eddie alive, he couldn’t help the ice cold fear from running through his veins, and the adrenaline pumping around his body, with the suspense of what would be lying in wait for them in the house.

He was the last one to make it and he went to straight to Eddie. He had to do a double take and restrain himself from reaching out to Eddie when he noticed he had a bandage on his left cheek.

“What’s the story behind that then?” he said, gesturing to his face. He tried and failed to hide his anger at whoever thought they could lay a hand on him.

Eddie clenched his jaw for moment, before spitting out, “Bowers,” he paused, steadying himself, “He got me in the cheek with a knife in my bathroom at the townhouse, I fought him for it, hid in the bath behind a shower curtain and stabbed through the curtain with it, and

then,” He paused again, Richie braced himself, “On my way here, I stopped by the library to find Mike, and Bowers was there trying to kill *him*, so I grabbed an axe and...” he trailed off, and made a little whacking notion.

Richie’s brow raised, “You killed him?” he asks, surprised at this turn of events, and the whole story in general. Jesus, he thought *he’d* had a fucking day. It was nothing to compared to this.

Eddie nodded, “In the head,” he added.

Richie let out a shocked laugh, and rubbed a hand over his stubble, “Shit, Eds, that’s a quite a fucking day you had there,” he comments, still not really comprehending what he was being told.

He couldn’t help but look at Eddie in a different light now, he regarded the smaller man before him. God, *Eddie*, Eddie scared of the fucking world Kaspbrak, fought off Bowers for his own life and *then* he saved Mike? Talk about character development.

He blinked and shook his head in disbelief before he grinned and pulled Eddie in for a hug, one hand going to the back of his head and holding him to his chest.

“Fuck, I’m proud of you man,” he says at last.

“You’re proud of me for killing someone?” he asks.

“No, I’m proud of you for standing up to your demons, standing up for yourself, and for standing up to the fuckhead who had tormented all of us for years, you did more than just kill someone, Eddie, you saved our friend, hell you saved all of us in some way,” he finished his speech, and they both took a step back from each other.

Eddie didn’t look too convinced, although he looked much better than he had, “We’ve still got a fucking demon clown to kill Rich, I wouldn’t go tooting my horn too much yet,” he says, and Richie can see his fingers twitching. A nervous tick that, back when they were kids, would be followed by him taking a hit on his inhaler if he still had one.

Richie grabs his hands, and holds them tight in his, looking down

into Eddie's eyes, not caring if the others saw, "You listen to me, we're going to go in there and fuck this clown to dust, we're gonna kick his fucking ass, and as shit as the situation is, I couldn't be more confident knowing you'll be by my side when we do it," he says, his voice strong and firm. He needed Eddie to believe him, he didn't have much more time to convince him.

Eddie just nodded and gave Richie a small smile in response, Richie took that as a win. He grinned back at him, hoping to ease his nerves.

He dropped one hand but kept a hold of another. Fuck it at this point, they could die in there, he wasn't going to waste another moment being fucking scared into the closet.

They walk over to the others who were waiting patiently, albeit twitchy to get this over with.

Bev was the only one who took notice of their joined hands. She looked down and then her eyes flicked up to Richie's, he met them, unflinching. She raised an eyebrow and her lips curved ever so slightly into a smile, her eyes softened, a reassuring expression fell across her face. Richie gave a small smile back in response and he went to stand next to her, Eddie on his left. The man was clutching his hand tight enough that he was probably going to leave a bruise and Richie didn't think he would be able to get his hand back if he wanted to.

They all stood there for a moment, taking in the gravity of the situation they were in.

Again.

"Guess it's time for the final boss battle, huh?" He says, his voice more serious than expected with those words.

Everyone looked around to each other, before their eyes fell on Bill, and then he led the way.

~

They didn't make it very far before getting split up and being faced with some fucked up shitshow that Pennywise had in store for them.

Richie was currently screaming and trying with all his might to get this fucking Stan spider head off him. Despite being only a head, it was actually *very* strong and its pincers were reaching to scoop out his brains or some shit. He didn't want to find out.

He didn't have too long to panic over the different possibilities though because then it was forced away from his face and he was met with the sight of Bill smashing it into the flooring and killing it.

He tried getting his breath back and then Bill was in his line of vision again, hauling Richie up off the ground before he whirled on Eddie and laid into him.

"The *fuck* Eddie?! He could've *died*! Were you gonna just fucking let him die? What the *fuck* were you doing?! We can't freeze up and give in to the fear, that's what Pennywise *wants*, you have to buck the fuck up and help us, do you understand?" He shouted into Eddie's face. When Eddie responded with looking away, Bill's face turned to one of disappointment before he spun away from him and stormed over to the door. It opened this time.

Eddie wasted no time and followed after Bill, avoiding Richie and the betrayal that he was sure would be present at Eddie's *in*actions.

Richie was hot on his heels; he called after him, "Eds? Eddie! Hey, Eddie, would you just stop for a second?" For someone that had shorter legs than he did, he sure moved fast.

He still caught up to him though, and he grabbed his arm, "Eddie, *stop*, would you just stop and look at me for a second? What happened back there?" he asked urgently, he couldn't see what had been going on. He thought he saw Bill thrown back by something and so he must have been down while Richie had the Stan spider head on him. He had assumed the same was meant for Eddie, but after what Bill had said something different had clearly gone down.

He knew how Eddie could be succumbed to fear, how he could be *paralyzed* by it, and he needed to reassure and be there for him right now. If he would let him.

Eddie just forced his arm out of his grip, still not meeting his eyes

and bit out, “We don’t have time,” and he turned and chased after Bill.

Richie let out a breath of frustration before following. He could hear more voices, and thank fucking God Bev, Ben and Mike had made it out of whatever hellscape they had also been trapped in, he pushed his legs to catch up, he certainly didn’t want to get separated again.

~

They were now running and screaming for their lives, getting split up again in the process.

They burnt their tokens, shouted the chant that Mike had taught them to the heavens, felt some freaky shit happen around them, closed the lid on the fucking pot of destiny (Richie had no idea what to call it) but Pennywise was, of course, just having a play with them.

The force of the chant threw everyone onto their backs, and for a moment it was silent.

And then it came out, there was one *little* thing that Mike had failed to let them in on. Those ancient people that had performed this curse to rid the space alien demon clown before? Oh yeah, it hadn’t actually worked!

Mike hid that from everyone because he had thought they wouldn’t want to do it and come back if he didn’t have a concrete way of ridding the clown for good.

He claimed it was because they didn’t “believe” or whatever the fuck, but in the end he had deceived the people that would understand him the most. In desperation, yes they can understand that, but that meant they had no other ideas in their arsenal, which meant they were more vulnerable than ever.

They were now fractious, arguing and freaking out and that was exactly what Pennywise needed.

So, he makes a big song and dance in returning to form in front of them, the lights burst out and float up from the pot of destiny, they were just floating there a moment.

Then he took form, and he wasn't just Pennywise the Clown this time, oh no, he was Pennywise the fucking giant spider clown.

He went for them, not only was he this giant spider with a Pennywise head but he had tentacles and he was lunging for them, he managed to grab a hold of Bill and throw him.

Mike was by him in a second and then everyone went into any crevice of the cave they could find.

They ended up in pairs; Mike and Bill, Bev and Ben and then Richie and Eddie.

Richie and Eddie just ran, taking turns aimlessly, until they came to three doors.

While Eddie was ready to take on whatever Pennywise had prepared for them this time, Richie was still worried about him. He hadn't looked at him once, not since the Stan spider head earlier.

Richie took his moment, "Eddie, we'll deal with that in a sec, can you talk to me about earlier?"

Eddie went still, suddenly tense and he just looked straight ahead, "What's there to talk about?"

"Why did Bill shout at you like that?" he could guess but he needed Eddie to say, and then he could get them to move on from it.

He took a deep breath, "I froze," he said in a small voice, "I'm useless here, you drew the short straw in ending up with me, apparently it doesn't matter how much I love you, I would still just stand there and let you die," he continued, his voice turning venomous and Richie couldn't stand it.

He grabbed him by the shoulders and turned him around to face him at last, but Eddie just stared resolutely at his chest, Richie shook him slightly, "Hey, look at me," he damn near demanded it at this point.

He waited and the smaller man finally met his eyes, and he wished they didn't look so pained, "You listen to me, who stood up to his mom when he was only thirteen to come with his friends and kill a

demon clown? Fuck it, who stood up to said demon space clown with his friends?” he paused, waiting for Eddie to answer.

“Me and me,” he said in a small voice.

“Who got stabbed in the face by Henry fucking Bowers and fought him off with *the* knife that had just been in his face?”

“Me,”

“Who then *killed* Henry fucking Bowers and saved his friend?” Richie’s voice got louder, he was all but shouting in his face at this point.

“Me,” his voice was getting a bit stronger.

“Who married a woman twice his size?” that got a slight lift in the corners of his mouth, and Richie knew he was winning.

“Me,” he said.

His hands to go to Eddie’s face, holding it gently, mindful of the bandage on his left cheek, his voice lowered, got serious, “Eddie, I have no worries with you here by my side, I know when it comes down to it, you’ve got my back, you’re braver than you think, and I couldn’t be prouder of you and how strong you’ve become, I love you, I will still love you when this is over,” he finishes softly, Eddie can’t help but smile at that and so Richie leans down to press a light kiss to his lips. Eddie’s hands go to his hips, pulling him close; neither of them deepens the kiss. Just hold each other there for a moment before Richie pulls him into a hug, tucking Eddie’s head under his chin.

“I love you too,” Eddie says into his chest, his grip tight on the taller man. Richie’s heart sores at the words.

He squeezes him once more before letting him step back, they lock eyes and Richie tries to look encouraging, “Let’s see what IT’s got in store for us shall we?”

Eddie shakes his head but there’s a new resolve in his eyes, face, body, “Let’s get on with it,” and then they readied themselves for

whatever lie in wait behind the three doors ahead of them.

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay everyone. Sorry to do another cliffhanger, but it's necessary! Next chapter though, that's when IT'S gonna happen, the dreaded moment we've been waiting for T_T get ready.

Please comment and leave kudos, the kudos I've received so far is much appreciated! Also subscribe or bookmark so you can be notified of new chapters!

4. set me on fire, that would hurt less

Notes for the Chapter:

CW: character death

It is very sad, I'm sorry

So they had ended up running and screaming again, back the way they had come; back to the fucking giant Pennywise spider clown.

There had been three doors, “Not Scary”, “Scary” and “Very Scary”. They tried each one but they all had some fucked up freak show waiting for them, and then the cave walls around them started crumbling and they had to run for their lives.

They slow down as they come closer to the big cavern where Pennywise was surely waiting for them.

They stop and try to mentally prepare themselves for what would happen next, for facing Pennywise.

Bev had given Eddie a long poker after the Stan spider head fiasco earlier, told him that it would kill monsters if he believed it would, so he gripped it tighter now.

Richie turned to Eddie, who turns to face him immediately. Richie's hands come up to take his face and he kisses him. It's hot and urgent, as brief as he can make it.

He pulls away, both breathing heavy, “Eds-”

“Stop,” He interrupts him, “Don't say it, please, just don't, this isn't gonna be it,” he said, his voice was firm but bordering on desperate.

They both knew this could be it, but he couldn't hear it, and Richie didn't want to say it. What he really wanted to say was ‘I love you’ again, but he knew it could sound like goodbye. So he settled for touching his forehead to Eddie's, hoping to convey all that he felt in that moment.

They could only hold onto each other for a few fraught seconds

before they had to let go and make their way to the end battle.

This is it now, they could both feel it.

When they made it to the entrance of the cave they had run through earlier, they hung back slightly and edged along the rocky wall to see what was actually happening. See if they could spy where Pennywise was, where their friends were.

They peered round a piece of the rocky wall, jutting out at all angles, just in time to see Pennywise grab Mike with a tentacle and lift him off the ground, squeezing the air out of his lungs and opening his face full of teeth, ready to eat Mike or show him the deadlights. Either way, Richie didn't want to find out.

His blood boiled and suddenly he was in action. He moved quicker than Eddie could anticipate and was already shouting over to Pennywise before he could stop him.

He throws a rock at his face, getting his attention, "Hey fuck face!" he shouts.

Pennywise throws Mike and he manages to crawl away. IT's whole attention is on Richie now, Richie picks up another rock.

"Wanna play truth or dare? He's a truth! You're a sloppy bitch! Yeah that's right, let's dance, yippee kayay motherfu-"

His arms go slack, dropping the rock he was holding, along with his jaw and only the whites of his eyes are visible.

He was caught in the deadlights.

Eddie froze for a second, suddenly more frightened than he had ever felt in his life, but then his fists clench and he remembers he is holding something.

He looks down at the poker Bev had given him. He looks up at Richie floating above him, Pennywise steadily moving closer. He doesn't have time.

He is full of a new resolve he hadn't felt before, or ever, he hadn't

even felt like this when confessing how he felt to Richie the night previous.

He ran, bringing his arm up with the poker, and launched it as hard as he could. It flew from his fingers with the strength of his throw, and sliced straight through the heart of Pennywise.

Richie was on the floor the same second, and Eddie threw himself at him.

Pennywise fell back against the raised rock surrounding the centre of the cave, where the chant had failed earlier, the poker sticking out from his chest.

He fell still.

Eddie started frantically grabbing at Richie's chest and face to wake him up, "Hey Richie! Richie, can you believe it? I did it, I killed him, it's over, I got it, I got his heart, it's done, it's fina-"

Blood spatters across Richie's face, he can see the thick droplets on his glasses, and behind that Eddie is above him, blood dripping from his mouth, a talon torn through his chest.

Richie hears a scream, which he faintly recalls as his, if only from the way he throat burned while he did it, but then Eddie is flung to the side and he scrambles as fast as he can after him.

He moves faster than he expects to be able to, but his adrenaline is pumping and he feels wired from the shock of what just happened.

He grabs Eddie and pulls him up to standing, barely, and walks him over to the entrance they had come out of earlier.

Richie sits Eddie down against the rock wall there and Eddie all but collapses into it as he does, Richie's on his knees at his side.

He takes off his jacket and presses it onto the wound, to stem the fucking flood of red pouring from Eddie's chest. He can't look at it. This couldn't be happening. This wasn't happening. Fuck, he couldn't let this happen. He couldn't let him die, this can't be it, it *can't*.

His hands go to Eddie's face, tapping it to get him to keep his eyes open, "Hey, hey, Eddie, it's okay, you're gonna be okay, okay? Just keep your eyes on me, that's it," he says this as calmly as he possibly can, although he can hear the urgency lingering on the edge of his tone, can feel it in his very bones even, but he can't acknowledge it because then he's admitting it's over and it can't be over.

Eddie fights to keep his eyes on Richie, and he gets out a gurgled scoff, more blood dripping from his lips when he does, "I- I thought... I g-got... h-him," his voice is hoarse and barely loud enough to hear. Fuck, he's already so weak.

Richie smiles at him, fighting back the tears that are threatening to fall, "Hey, you did, you got him, Eds, you saved me," he says, trying to sound reassuring and stronger than he really feels in that moment.

Eddie's eyes begin to close again, so he shakes him slightly, and puts his hands back on the jacket on his chest. He had to do something, he couldn't just sit there.

"R-Rich," he tries.

"Shhhh, don't try to talk baby, okay, I got you," Richie says gently.

Eddie frowns slightly, the simple movement looking like it takes more effort now than it should, "Y-You sh-should... S-stop, I-I'm n-not g-gonna..." he struggles out, his voice so weak Richie feels his heart ache to hear it.

"Don't say it, hey, you said earlier remember? We're gonna get out of this, we'll get you out of here okay? We'll get you to a hospital, and all fixed up and then we get out of this shitty town, start a new life somewhere yeah?" He was trying to take Eddie's mind off what was happening, and his own to be honest, he knew in his fucking bones what was happening, but maybe Eddie didn't have to worry about it. Eddie spent his life worrying, about everyone and every damn thing, maybe for once he can have peace.

Richie just hadn't realised till now how that fucking peace was to come.

He kept one hand on the jacket on Eddie's chest, and then one came up to his cheek, the one that didn't have the bandage.

"We can get a house, wherever you want, with a big garden for a dog to run around in, we can live in the city, in the country, in the fucking mountains, wherever you want, Eds, we can have the life we were meant to have," he talks softly now, holding Eddie's eyes with his own. Eddie smiles, the smallest and most pained of smiles, but a smile nonetheless, and Richie has no fucking idea how he is keeping it together right now, but he had to for Eddie.

He could hear the other losers shouting and screaming at Pennywise, he spared a glance in their direction. Eddie could hear them too, it sounded like they had come up with a new strategy for defeating the clown.

"H-Help... th-them, R-Rich," he said, nearly whispering.

Richie looked back at Eddie, he placed a light kiss on his lips, then he held his gaze again, "I'll come back as soon as I can, I love you," he said, a new urgency filling his voice.

"I-I l-love... you, sh-shit... h-head," he said, a small smile on his lips again.

Richie couldn't help the breathy laugh that came out of him, and he smiled one last time at the man he loved, placing another quick kiss on his forehead, then he was on his feet.

He joined in with his friends, straying only a few steps from Eddie, but then he was moving with the others. They were one unit, one body, closing in on the clown as he screamed and shouted back in pain and anger as he got smaller and smaller, they kept going until they forced him down to a shrivelled sack of skin on the rocky floor.

Richie had never seen anything more pathetic.

Then Bev reached down, she ripped out his heart, the black mass beating in her hands. Pennywise was on the ground still gasping out ragged breaths.

She held it out in front of her, and then they knew what she was

waiting for.

They each placed a hand over the heart and as one they squeezed the life out of it until it exploded in their joined hands, black blood spilling to the floor.

With that done, Richie's mind went straight back to Eddie and he spun from the group and sprinted the short distance to him.

He fell to his knees next to Eddie, he shook him lightly, trying to get him to look at him, he opened his eyes aching slowly, "Hey, Eddie, we did it, he's gone, he's dead, it's over, we did it, we can go, we can leave," his voice is verging on manic, even he can hear it, no one else says anything.

Eddie's eyes meet his, relief fills them, his mouth opens slightly, like he's about to say something, the corners turned up the smallest amount.

He chokes out a breath, a single drop of blood dribbles down his chin.

His head falls back against the rock behind him, his eyes roll to look up to the ceiling of the cave above them.

As if he was holding on just long enough to slip away safely knowing that Pennywise, the tormentor of their lives, the one who had brought them all together just to rip them apart, was finally gone.

His chest doesn't move again, his eyes turn to glass.

Richie shakes him, "Hey, Eds, come on, get up, get up man! Come on, we have to go, we did it, okay? It's over, it's over!" he shouts on repeat, it's all he can do. He just shakes Eddie and shouts at him, verging on screaming.

But then Bev is at his side, she kneels down, she places a gentle hand on his shoulder, "Honey... Honey, he's dead," she says softly, her voice cracks on that last word. The dreaded word that was already screaming at him over and over on the inside but that he refused to accept because he just got Eddie back and he could not, *would not*, believe that he was taken from him. How could the universe be so

fucked?

“Eddie, come on, we have to go,” he ignored her, ignored the tears already streaming down his cheeks, ignored the way he was practically screaming now, his voice cracking and his throat burning. He felt like his insides were on fire and full of ice at the same time, fuck everything about this.

Bev was trying to get him up, urging him.

The cave around them started shaking, rocks crumbling off the walls and ceiling.

Before he knew it there were more than just Bev’s hands grabbing him, but he wouldn’t let go of Eddie, he couldn’t, he was *not* going to leave him here; in this place of death and disease? No fucking way.

He screamed at them to let him take him, please he had to bring him, didn’t they understand? How could they just leave him?

They pried his hands off of Eddie and pulled him out through the cave entrance into the tunnels.

He got himself together enough to run with them, eventually, and they all came out into fucking Neibolt house, and then they were outside.

They made it just in time, because before they turned to completely face it, it was already crumbling into the ground, a hole beneath it from the cave collapsing in on itself and then it was gone; nothing but firewood.

Richie felt numb, he had stopped crying as they ran back out to the real world, and now all that was left in its wake was an emptiness that felt oddly comforting to him right now. He knew that when the dam broke again, and he was sure it would, he wasn’t convinced if he’d be able to stop, and if he could, he didn’t think there would be any of him left.

Bill started walking away first, then Bev and Ben, Mike, then Richie following behind. His legs moving of their own accord the while, he had no idea where they were going until they were walking into the

ice cold water of the quarry.

The cold shocked him out of his daze slightly, but he kept walking until he got to a bit of rock in the water he could sit on, while everyone else set to work cleaning themselves.

As they clean the blood and mud and shit off, they started joking about how Eddie would love the fact they were cleaning themselves in this “disease-ridden” water, and complain that they would sooner get listeria than actually get clean.

They pause, looking to Richie, to see if he has anything to say. Bev is the only one who doesn't meet his gaze. She knows, she understands.

That's what does it though, their expectant expressions, the dam brakes and he bawls, louder and harder than he ever has. He cries into hands, and then he feels, one by one, the losers gather round to hug him, hold him, and support him through it.

He begins to quiet, rubbing his eyes, and breathing heavily, then he realises something.

“Shit, I've lost my glasses,” he gets out, his voice hoarse from that episode. The grief is all they can hear, and it kills them.

They all immediately set to work to find them in the water, diving down one after the other.

It's Bev and Ben who come over to give them to him, he takes them gratefully and puts them on.

But nothing changes, he doesn't suddenly see Eddie standing before him, his face in a frown directed at Richie, as always, calling him a shithead, fuckwad, dickhead, asshole and any other name he can think of under the sun because of course, Richie lost his glasses, he would say, he probably did it on purpose to fuck with everyone.

Richie's chest hurt at the thought of Eddie being here berating him like that, when he was lying dead and buried in the rubble of the cave beneath that *fucking* house, because everyone made him leave him, abandon him.

They make their way back to the townhouse eventually and Richie goes straight over to the main desk. It had been empty every time they had passed it while staying there, and so he was pretty sure the owners didn't actually exist, or they were just over trusting. He goes behind the desk, and grabs the spare room key for Eddie's room.

He goes straight up and the losers leave him be.

They watch him go, his shoulders were slumped, his head down, his limbs looked heavy and like he was dragging them. The grief looking like it was physically weighing him down, and their hearts ached to see it. Sure they all felt fucking heartbroken that Eddie was gone, but seeing a physical representation of their grief in Richie, times a thousand, was fucking hard to take.

He makes it to Eddie's door, and stands outside it for a long moment; bracing himself for coming face to face with Eddie's stuff, his smell hitting him as he walks in.

Then his hand was moving, he unlocks the door, opens it and walks in. His body is on auto pilot, barely aware of the movements he made.

He thought enough to shut the door behind him and then he was on his knees opening Eddie's suitcase, grabbing the first shirt he could. He managed to drag himself over to the bed. He fell onto it; shoving Eddie's shirt into his face and breathing him in as deeply as he could. Eddie filled his senses, all he could think was Eddie, Eddie, Eddie, like a mantra, a prayer, beating through his veins, around his head.

He cried, harder than at the quarry, something he hadn't thought possible. This time, his sobs were near screams, he had to hold back slightly earlier, couldn't let them in how much it *killed* him that Eddie had been taken from him.

He cried and cried and cried until he knew nothing but darkness, Eddie's scent enveloping him and guiding him into unconsciousness.

He couldn't help but hope he didn't wake up.

Notes for the Chapter:

Okay. Fuck. THAT was harder to write than I thought it would be without crying my eyes out. Honestly, it hurt me so much, but it has to be done. I just hope I did the scene justice!

So, we're done with the book and film after this, now we can get into the nitty gritty of what I have planned for our bunch of losers and those that passed. YESS!! Also, two updates in one day? Whaaaaaat? That probably won't happen again unless I write a reaallllly long chapter and have to split it up (not saying that is what I had to do with this and chap 3 but it is also what I had to with this one and chap 3 heh heh)

Please leave a comment and kudos, I'd love to know what you think! Be sure to subscribe or bookmark for updates!

Author's Note:

Peeks behind fingers I hope that was a good start, please be gentle! I'm gonna touch on the events leading up to the final battle, but that's where shit will really go down and from there we'll be IN THE DRAMA AND DARKNESS. Get ready!